

I Will Try

To be neat.
To do honest work.
To control my temper.
To be master of myself.
To be slow to take offense.
To not even shade the truth.
To be punctual in all things.
To read and love good books.
To read my Bible and pray daily.
To never spend more than I earn.
To do right—though the heavens fall.
To neither overrate nor underrate myself.
To be cheerful, and make others happy also.
To "fear God, and serve Him."

THE ATHEIST'S FUNERAL

WE have recently heard the following tale, told by a minister with whom we have some acquaintance, of a happening in an Old Country cemetery. It is not one of those tales which would suit secularist or rationalist speakers, but one can take it for what it is worth.

The superintendent said to him: "I expect I've done wrong. Here is a death certificate which has written on it, 'Religious service of no kind.' The funeral was an hour ago. A dozen secularist friends came."

"After the widow had gone they stood by the grave and said, 'That's not all?' I said, 'It is.' They said, 'We can't leave him like this. Isn't there somebody who can put up a bit of a prayer to Jesus Christ?'"

"I was astonished. I looked round for someone, but could only find an old gravedigger who said he was a friend of Jesus Christ. He came and stood by the grave and said a prayer."

"The atheists, some with tears, thanked him and said, 'Thank God,' and went away."

I haven't the slightest doubt that some secularists will angrily dispute such a story. Their own depressing Press is always busy with denials. Yet we all know such things do happen every day.

OPEN NOT YOUR DOOR WHEN THE DEVIL KNOCKS

That the devil will knock, loudly, and often, we've no shadow of a doubt, but that's no reason why you should open the door and say, "Good morning, sir." The devil outside is trouble enough, but if the arch-fiend gains an entry to the inside of Mansoul, and is accorded a welcome there, darkness and the shadow of death will soon be familiar friends.

As you value the honor of Him who gave Himself for you, as you value your own honor and the honor and welfare of your fellow-disciples, keep the Satanic visitor ever on the knock. As you value your soul's eternal welfare, open not. Blessed be God, the devil cannot force an entrance.



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Isaiah 9: 1-7. "Unto us a son is given. . . and his name shall be called wonderful." How applicable is this name to Him Who came as God's great love-gift to a world at enmity against Him. "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus!" Wonderful in His nature and character; wonderful in His words and works; most wonderful of all in His seeking and saving the lost. Swing wide your heart to Him this day of mercy and realize anew the wonder of His grace and glory.

Monday, Psalms 73: 1-12. "I was envious at the footstool." The old, old problem as to why the wicked prosper had been troubling the Psalmist. He tells us that he had nearly backslidden over it—"my steps had well-nigh slipped." It seemed to him as if God could not know or understand, otherwise evildoers

THE THINE JUDGMENTS OF GOD

(Continued from front page)

responsibility for the tragic happening? Did not God give him an absolutely free hand, and a wonderful opportunity to establish his house on a sure and lasting foundation?

Read it—"And I will take thee, and thou shalt reign according to all that thy soul shall desire, and shalt be king over Israel." Could any man be given a better chance to "make good"?

And was not God's proposed covenant a fair and equitable agreement? "And it shall be, if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in my ways and do what is right in my sight, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as David my servant did, that I will be with thee, and build thee an house as I built for David, and will give thee Israel."

But what did Jeroboam do, in the face of all these promises and assurances? Forsook the Lord, and made for himself the despicable reputation of being the king "who made Israel to sin" by making golden calves and leading his people into idolatry.

Is it any wonder that punishment was visited upon him and his house? What a lesson for all men—how careful we should be to avoid sinning against God, as we never know how far-reaching its effect may be!

"But why should God punish innocent children for the sins of their parents?"

On its face, a fair, reasonable question, often asked. But does He actually do so? In the case of Abijah, Jeroboam's son, did God punish him, or did He not? In reality rather "take him away from the evil to come," because in him was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam?

A warranted inference is, that Abijah feared God, and God took him to Himself forever. Was that punishment? Surely not. And there are and have been numberless similar cases since that day!

"But I thought your God was a God of Love."

He is—His name is Love. His thoughts toward us are thoughts of God and not of Evil, to give us an expected end. He willeth not the death of any. But He is also the God of Justice, pledged to uphold Righteousness and Truth, and to condemn sin and iniquity.

As the God of the Universe, He is of necessity governed by laws of equity and justice and in duty bound to enforce them without fear or favor. He could not otherwise be a Just Judge. All laws, to be effective and effectual, must have penalties attached, for the punishment of offenders—without them they would become a farce and prove a dismal failure.

The responsibility of observing and keeping the law rests with the individual, and surely no sane person would condemn a presiding judge at an Assize Court for simply pronouncing a deserved and designated punishment upon any offender who has had a fair trial and been proven "guilty" by conclusive evidence.

If innocent persons suffer as a result of this punishment, is it not the fault of the offending individual rather than of the presiding judge, who has simply been true to his responsibility? Instead of God wishing to punish innocent persons, He has given His own innocent Son, to suffer for the guilty, that even the guilty may

would not be so apparently successful. Like him, we too, sometimes forget that: "Evil, in its nature, is decay."

And any hour can blot it all away. Tuesday, Psalms 73: 13-28. "Until I went into the sanctuary of God." Here the Psalmist found the key to his difficulty! He had judged too quickly.

escape punishment if they will accept this Great Gift on the necessary conditions laid down—"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out."

"Oh, yes! Our God is a God of Love." But no matter how loving and kind-hearted a judge may be, his conduct must of necessity be governed by the principles of the laws he is pledged to enforce, and if any individual persists in following a rebellion, then he himself must accept the responsibility of any punishment or suffering that befalls either himself or his loved ones and friends. "No man liveth to himself, neither dieth to himself." It is up to every person to watch their own step.

"Why did God not answer my prayer?" In all probability, this ever-perplexing question buried fiercely, possibly bitterly, in the mind of Jeroboam's distressed, almost distracted wife, as it has in the minds of thousands in similar circumstances since her day.

And naturally so, for does not God promise to answer prayer? Did not the Psalmist address God thus: "O Thou that answerest Prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come?" Is it not true that God has promised to answer all our prayers in the Bible, covering all possible circumstances in life, encouraging us to believe that God hears and answers prayer? Why, then, does He not fulfill His promises? Why not answer our prayers?

To such questions many answers could consistently be given. In the case under consideration, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is reasonable to assume that Jeroboam's wife was a partaker with him in his idolatry. If such were the case, she disappointed herself by her own conduct, and forfeited all claim upon God.

All of His promises are conditional upon obedience to Him, and she could not appropriate them to her own selfish ends, while ignoring His claims upon her love and loyalty. This same principle applies to all prayers, and may be the explanation why so many are unanswered.

In many other cases, in fact the prayers are answered, but not in the way that we had desired or expected. God, in His infinite wisdom, understands what is best for us, and in His love answers according to His wisdom, rather than in accordance with our oftentimes blind requests.

He sometimes refuses what we ask for; removes what we desire to hold, sends what we do not crave for, and does the very opposite to our wishes. But he never makes the mistake of giving what would harm his children.

He has at times granted requests when the petitioners have pressed for them, and would not take "No" for an answer, as the case of King Hezekiah, and when the children of Israel demanded meat, but it has always been to the sorrow and loss of the receivers. And you do not need to go to the Word of God for such cases, either.

It is our responsibility to "depart from iniquity, so that we may have a just claim upon God's promises, and then make our requests to Him in faith and subject to His will. We will then prove that His promises are "Yea" and "Amen" to all who believe and obey."

The end of sin is always sorrow and grief. For a time the wrongdoer seems to prosper, yet even in prosperity his feet are set in "slippery places," and his heart is restless and ill at ease. Could we but see the final doom of the prosperous wicked, we would pity rather than envy them.

A SONG OF TRUST

Frank Stanton, a young man, an old colored man who had such a trust in Divine Providence that there was no possible chance that the veteran could ever be disappointed, but he found comfort in the thought that God knew his name, and was interested in his property and happiness.

"I jes' don't know ef de Lord'll grow, But I plants dis jes' de same, I jes' don't know ef de Lord'll blow, But I watch an' pray, an' I reap an' sow, An' de sun be rise, an' de riber flow, And de good Lord knowz my name."

"I jes' can't tell ef de Lord'll sell, But I toils on jes' de same, De birds dey build whar de Spring tap well, An' dey know enuf to a rainy tap, An' de good Lord knowz my name."

"So I watch and pray, an' I do my way, An' I toils on jes' de same, De rose is sweet, but de rose can't stay, But I'm mighty glad when it blooms my way, De night fall dark, but de Lord send day, An' de good Lord knowz my name."

"GREATER LOVE—"

From the following beautiful story we gain a slight insight into the great mystery of Christ's sacrificial love for the sinner:

The son of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria, was very ill with diphtheria. The physician had warned her of the danger of inhaling the breath of the boy. As she stood by his bedside, watching over him, she laid her cooling hand upon his forehead. Her touch brought him out of his coma, and throwing his arms around her neck, he whispered: "Kiss me, mother." Her mother-love conquered. She kissed the child, but it was death to her.

Greater love than this was the love of Jesus, for He loved us while we were yet sinners, i.e., enemies of His. The mother-love was wonderful; the Christ-love was divine.

YOUR DECISION NOW

It was Elijah's bold stand that influenced many others. So may our Satan says: "You are only one; give in, go with the rest; no use for you to try and be different." He is a liar. Make your decision for God, and make it without delay, and you will be glad always that you did it.

Wednesday, Psalms 74: 1-12. "God is my King." As he looked around, the Psalmist found much to discourage him. The temple was in ruins, the land desolate, and the enemy blasphemed God. But in spite of everything, the Psalmist encouraged himself with the thought that all was well, for God reigned.

"Leave God to order all his ways. And hope in Him, who never betides; Thou'll find Him in the end of days. Thy all-sufficient strength and guide."

Thursday, Psalms 74: 13-17. "Let the poor and needy praise Thy Name." The Psalmist comforted himself in his present trouble and distress by thinking of God's past goodness to his nation. We too should remember all the mercies received at God's hands. "I have been most unworthy, but I have been faithful." Shall we not then offer ourselves to Him for service and praise?

Friday, Psalms 75: 1-10. "Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks." Let us cultivate the habit of praising God for his mercies, but for all the blessings of life.

"Yes, think and thank! A lighted

And make thy ills less heavy on thee. Count up the mercies of thy life. And discontent will flee from thee. More calm and patient thou shalt grow. While from thy lips thanksgiving flows."

Saturday, Psalms 76: 1-12. "Now and forever, praise Thy Name." Do you keep your promises? Perhaps in some time of sorrow or of special light you make a vow to God. So, be careful to fulfil it as soon as ever you can. Strive also in every way to do so, act that others will know that they may depend on your word. See that failure to carry out what you promise can never be laid to your charge.

A HUNDRED-FOLD

This is not a Salvation Army story, but it has so distinct an application to the Army that we venture to tell it.

It concerns a little church away from Australia bush country. The said church had a parsonage with an extra room needed for kindergarten work and for vestry. The people gave of their strength generously to build the children's room. But when all was counted, no more were needed than had been given. The people were informed that there was a hand in hand to begin building more, whether the church was or not. The heart was full of fears lest the room should not be built. Pondering, as they walked home, whether there was a thought of the church, they thought of the room. It was in "glory box," or "bottom drawer." A dear mother had made it, working with her own fingers during many months. It was a glorious lace and linen suit, the glory of her "glory-box." Could she give it, for His sake, and children's?

The sacrifice was made, and courageous hands she carried it to church and laid it on the Communion Table extra gift.

The stewards were puzzled what to do with it. Name were tickled enough in congregation to buy it. Perhaps someone might buy it. So waited upon him.

"What do you want for it?" he asked. "Five pounds," they answered. "I'll get you twenty-five pounds for it. I'll raffle it and get you at twenty-five pounds."

"Ah, no," said they, "we do not pray for ourselves, and we would not make money that way for God's sake. It's for the Church."

These Pious Methodists The steward was huffed at this pious Methodists with their objection to an innocent raffle. So he refused to help them, and the cloth was not used.

Some time after, a minister was visiting the little church and heard the story of the progress of the work, the new room for the children, their faith, and how much to build, and of the "box" cloth.

"Perhaps," they said, "someone in the big city congregation might buy it. I'll try and sell it for you, sir, please." So in his suit-case he carried home to his city parsonage the cloth of the "bottom-drawer." His wife loved it, but she could not use it. On the Sunday evening, preaching "Sacrifice," the preacher told of the cloth and the devoted teacher for it from her "glory-box," and people were deeply touched.

At the Ladies' Church Aid Meeting the following Thursday, after the meeting and business, the minister referred to the cloth. He had it with him to show its beauty.

To his surprise, three ladies wished to buy it. One wanted it for her daughter's "bottom-drawer." Another wanted to give as a wedding gift. But the third lady said, "I don't want it. I want it to send back to the dear old man who gave it, and here you are, and extra for you register and send it to her at once."

And the glory cloth was sold, returned with five pounds and Lord's silverfold for the giver who it for their sake.

And the application? Well, is any of us for us to stress that "There is that giveth yet increaseth." Master, and we will leave that.

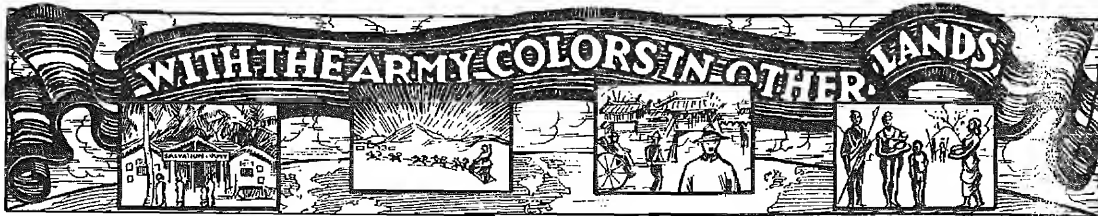
Duty—Always the Best

One's duty is not just a thing to be done, but a thing to be done with a heart. It is a matter of comparison with other people's achievements. A man named Maydole was known to the States as an expert hammer maker. "I've made hammers," he said, "for twenty-five years." "You ought to make a pretty good hammer, to this time," said his interviewer. "No," said the emphatic "I never made a pretty good hammer, but I made the best hammer in the States."

Theorizing Tommy Says:



"Grin and bear it," runs the old-fashioned saying. But "sing and bear it" has this beaten in a thousand ways—especially if the other fellow will only "sing and share it."



FLOWERS FOR REMEMBRANCE

A Pitifully Charming Story of Mothers' Day in Paris

It was Mothers' Day in the great and beautiful city of Paris and there were those who remembered the Mother of Jesus, and the mother, too, who brought them into the world. In The Army Salle Centrale all day long there were flowers—white, fragrant and beautiful—and all in remembrance of the mothers. There was joy in some mothers' hearts and pain in others. We had seen mothers young and old; comely and careworn; and daughters—hundreds of them—sheltering under The Army's protecting wing.

It is a good thing to have flowers brought to you with smiles and kind words and blessings. It is good if you deserve

LETTERS FROM CHINA

"Faithful at our Post of Duty"

ALMOST in spite of ourselves we find our thoughts constantly turning towards our Army comrades in China, and every now and then our good and comradely—also prayerful wishes are bestowed towards them. Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie is in part responsible for this.

We have been permitted to see a letter which he recently addressed to our own Commissioner. In his own characteristic style he says: "We are having a ding-dong time in China; murders, slaughters, beatings, train smashings, executions and revolutions, until one is lost in the

resting in God, and so manage to go forward."

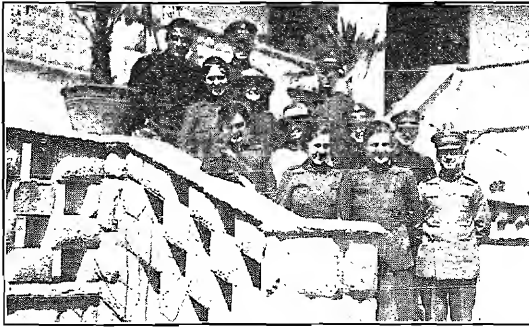
The Commissioner tells of a visit he paid to the Northern Region where it had been impossible for a Headquarters Officer to visit within the past three years. "The whole countryside," he says, "is greatly disturbed, and soldiers beset us everywhere, as well as policemen and other authorities demanding passports, and wanting to know what mischief had prompted us. However, we won through safely, and rejoiced over a total of 113 souls at the Mercy-Seat."

Lt.-Colonel Barnett, the Chief Secretary, whom we hope to see in our midst one of these days on his journey to England, writes an interesting and thrilling tale.

Greetings to Canada West

"You will have read of all that has been taking place in Tsanifu. All through that war and bloodshed we have had two devoted women Officers keeping before the people the great truths of the Gospel. Commandant Dadoow, one of them, hails from Australia; her companion is Captain Rains. Captain Grace Hod-dinott is doing well, and we send our own and her love to her parents, and all others who think of us and pray for us."

"Things are a little more unpleasant now than they have ever been. Our work is greatly crippled because we are in the midst of the contending Armies. The people are strung up to top-knotch, and even our Chinese Officers are affected by the spirit of the times—which is but natural. However, we are facing all these difficulties with a hopeful courage and with an exceeding joy in the service of God."



Missionary Officers in Peking among whom are faces familiar to Canada West readers.

it all. It is good however great the pangs, if you do not deserve it. But there were some present who had no one to bring them flowers.

One poor mother in the building, wept bitter tears. She had a child—a wayward girl—but she was not there, and, though others brought her flowers, they were not as from the hand of the one who had strayed from home. So, typifying the broken-hearted mothers' forlorn and comfortless face, she wept.

When the lights were being lowered there were flowers left and they were given to two tall Englishmen in Salvation Army uniform and our comrades carried them. It was very late and we proceeded the nearest way, which was not the brightest, to our sleeping place.

The long, dark street was deserted as we passed along together. Not altogether so, for out from the shadow flits a fair form. It is a poor girl of the street. "Messieurs," she exclaimed for a beginning, "Messieurs, the flowers."

At first she did not realize that we were Salvationists. It was business with her, such a sad business too for one so fair and frail, and with signs of truth about her, despite her attire and paint.

"Yes," said my comrade who carried the flowers, "they are flowers. Would you like them?" "Yes, Monsieur," said the child wonderingly (she was little more than a child).

"They are flowers from l'Armee du Salut, we have been to the Salle Centrale, they are flowers of Remembrance." "Remembrance, Monsieur?" "Yes, Remembrance of Mother."

We shall never know what that word meant in the semi-darkness. A shaft of light from the lamp showed the frail but beautiful face with a pained and startled look upon it.

The parted lips were trembling. The child's breath was coming in little choking sobs and glistening tears were in her

intricate maze. However, we keep our souls in perfect peace, and our minds

HEROISM REWARDED

THERE is still gratitude to be found in human nature. As a matter of fact we incline to think that nature is much more alert than is sometimes thought. This is the case. Years ago in France a corporal was gassed during an attack. His buddy threw him over his shoulder and carried him out of the gas zone, thus saving his life.

A man lay dying in the Irvington General Hospital, New Jersey. He was suffering from a blood ailment that baffled physicians. As a forlorn hope the doctors decided to try a transfusion of blood although they had little hope of saving his life. His two brothers offered their blood and at 11 that night eighteen persons had offered their blood, had submitted to tests and had been rejected.

At 11.30 o'clock another man entered the hospital and offered his blood. He was the one-time gassed corporal, and the man who was dying was the soldier who had saved his life. He had just heard of his buddy's condition and had come to offer his blood. The test was satisfactory, and the doctors now say that the man has an excellent chance to recover. Let us hope that in this case the blood can save. We know it can save people from their sins.—*New York "War Cry."*

eyes. "Remembrance for mother, Monsieur? Then I will—I will take them."

What a picture! What a problem she presented as she stood there with the lilies in her hand, that poor little girl of the Paris streets, a problem which The Army in France is doing its utmost to help to solve.

MAKING THE DESERT TO BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE

The Coming of The Army and the Kingdom of God in Africa

The inauguration, by Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot of the Native Women's Social Work on the Rand, and the opening of an institution there which is to serve a double purpose—a refuge for urgent cases of distressed native women and a hostel for those needing accommodation—marked an epoch in the history of the Native Work in South Africa.

Included in the large attendance of Europeans assembled in the well-laid out and gallily decorated quadrangle, were well known figures among those interested in the well being of the natives. Seats had been placed in the welcome shade of some trees in one corner of the court mentioned, which, in the bright sunlight, with the streamer flues flying, the varied flowers and foliage, and the numerous guests conversing in groups, presented an animated scene. Music was furnished by Native Bandsmen drawn from a number of the Corps Bands along the Reef.

An Urgent Need

Colonel Clark, Chief Secretary for the native work, spoke of the urgent need there is for The Army's Social Work among the native women, especially on the Reef. This centre would serve the native and colored communities of Sophiatown, Vrededorp, New Clare and Naledod, where, as Staff-Captain Peterson, the Officer in charge of the work can testify, the poverty, degradation, sickness and squalor beggar description.

The Staff-Captain's labor of love in which she is faithfully assisted by two native women Officers, Captain Intelezi and Lieutenant Cole, includes the relieving of those in distress, tending the sick, rendering first aid, ministering to the



Children of The Army's Home in Peking have a merry game of soccer.

PRINCESS MARY AND THE ARMY

The latest British "War Cry" tells us that H.R.H. Princess Mary has consented to open a new Army Maternity Home near Leeds.

This new establishment will greatly increase the service that the Women's Social Work is able to render to the large populations of Yorkshire, and it will be a special pleasure to Commissioner Catherine Booth, and to the people of the West Riding, to have Princess Mary officiate at an Army ceremony.

Do not long for fame, but seek only to deserve it. What if a few thousand know your name? There are fourteen hundred million persons in the world,

needs of the many neglected and children and other Christ-like

In company of the Commissioner, Mrs. de Groot, Colonel and Mrs. Staff-Captain Peterson, Major Miller, and others, the various guests were shown over the Institution, which was much admired.

It is worthy of mention that the property was secured the land in use as being little short of a rubbish dump, but the Staff-Captain set to work and in due course brought about a transformation which reflects credit upon her and those who assisted her in the work. Plants and flowers in varied shapes, bordering pleasant walks, now flourish where once were unsightly rubbish-heaps—and this is not a parable.

"Accordinging"

On Wednesday afternoon we gathered quietly, happily, expectantly, Winnipeg Citadel, for another wedding and another real Army one, at the wedding of Captain H. Leslie Slater, Ensign Susie Biro, simple and direct in its very simplicity, representing combination of many prayers, and elegantly to the leading hand of both in this, and the Old Country.

As the bride and bridegroom, respectively by Ensign Miriam Hord and Captain Robert Watt, took place on the platform, our attention instinctively to those most interested in the ceremony—the parents—both. The bride's aged mother, too, to travel, but surely to love of her girl, and the bridegroom's, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Sherrin, the "H.Q." Subscribers' Depts. Many years ago they gave their God, and though so far away, and all wanting to be with him, the knowledge that this occasion found him in the service, must have caused them to hasten to the wedding.

Led by the Cadet's Band, an efficient band of Cadet Nelson Wood, audience responded gladly in the of the beautiful wedding-prayer.

"Savior, let Thy sanction rest on the union sanctified now."

Major Tyndall's prayer was every expression, and found many hearts. Then the Band swelled that refrain, then which there is no better sentiment for an Army.

"Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!" The congregation was glad to assist.

Staff-Captain Weeks' sympathetic of the Twenty-third Psalm.

THE BLESSED ARMY BOND

A LONDON (Eng.) magazine, "The Salvation Army Bond," familiar in our streets, is not to be abolished. It was first because the Founder of The Salvation Army wished his women soldiers easily distinguished as soldiers, deeper condescendence in those which was perhaps as well, for the "ladies" faces from the girl's sort which hoodlums flung at the

One cannot altogether blame the for supposing there would be alterations; it is this craze for that does it. We see that the M. conference has declined to make alterations in the 400 year old female headgear. Nothing making a style and keeping to it, not a question of ugliness, since native of distinction from the isn't it?

WINNIPEG HOME LEAGUE

In our issue of last week we announced that Mrs. Brigadier Taylor was opening a Sale of Work at Home, Winnipeg, on the 16th inst. V. to be announced this event, a place, SHAWANOE STREET, V. interest, friends please note this. The time is 3 p.m.

Captain Nyerod and the League at Winnipeg announce a Home League, Tuesday, the 19th inst. Brigadier Smith will open the program at 2 o'clock.

Home Street League announce a Tea and Home Cooking, Thursday, June 28th, from three until five, husbands arrive, invitation to all Home Street.

It is observed that the all to Winnipeg Home Leagues, but be just as pleased to make announcement of Corps and League parts of the Territory. Will Secretary please note—but that began to press at least ten days of the date of issue.



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"According to God's Holy Ordinance"

The Commissioner Conducts the Wedding of Captain Leslie Sharpe and Ensign Susie Biro at Winnipeg



On Wednesday afternoon we gathered, quietly, happily, expectantly, in the Winnipeg Citadel, for another wedding, and another real Army one, at that. The wedding of Captain B. Leslie Sharpe and Ensign Susie Biro, simple, and dignified in its very simplicity, represented the culmination of many prayers, and testified eloquently to the leading hand of God, both in this, and the Old Country.

As the bride and bridegroom, attended respectively by Ensign Miriam Houghton, and Captain Robert Watt, took their places on the platform, our thoughts turned instinctively to those most interested in the ceremony—the parents of them both. The bride's aged mother, too infirm to travel, but surely thinking lovingly of her girl, and the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharpe, of the 111th Q. Subscribers' Department. Many years ago they gave their son to God, and though so far away, and naturally wanting to be with him, the knowledge that this occasion found him in the path of service, must have caused them to rejoice. But to return to the wedding.

Led by the Cadet Band under the efficient baton of Cadet Nelson Weir, the audience responded gladly in the singing of the beautiful wedding-prayer.

"Sanctus, let Thy sanctum rest.

In the union witnessed now."

Major Tyndall's prayer was choice in every expression, and found an echo in many hearts. Then the Band swung in that refrain, than which there could be no better sentiment for an Army wedding.

"Praise ye the Lord, Halleluiah."

The congregation was glad to sing it, as well. Staff-Captain Weeks' sympathetic reading of the Twenty-third Psalm fitted in

well here, and proved a fitting prelude to the recital of the "Articles of Marriage" by the Commissioner, who in this Meeting was at his "wedding" best, and whose skillful pilotage linked the various items together into a charming whole.

Loud and long was the applause when Captain and Mrs. Sharpe were presented to the friendly audience, with the majority of whom they had been associated for many years, either at Headquarters, or in Corps work. It's a wonderful family, this Army of ours, isn't it?

Speeches at a wedding ceremony are always interesting and Ensign Houghton made a charming little address, well-suited to the occasion, and Captain Watt read a large number of telegrams—a veritable "sheaf" as he termed it. Messages from the parents, from Captain Lincoln Sharpe, the bridegroom's brother, and from many Old Country friends; from our old comrades, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Whitley, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips, from Colonel and Mrs. Miller, and Commandant Hardy, from the Montreal Immigration Staff, and from Colonel Taylor. Indeed, there seemed no end to these messages of love and esteem.

Lt.-Colonel Joy, with whom Captain Sharpe had worked for a long period in the Winnipeg Immigration Service, was no exception. Lightly he touched on his whole-hearted and untiring efforts for the welfare of those who came under his care; he spoke of the Captain's Salvationism, and his interest in spiritual things, and went back a number of years in his

kindly references to the first time he saw Captain Sharpe, little thinking then he would stand in such a happy capacity as on this auspicious occasion.

But interested as the audience had been all the time, that was as nothing to the interest aroused when Mrs. Captain Sharpe expressed her thanks for the many kindnesses received, and gave a ringing testimony, finishing with her Commissioning promise.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Captain Sharpe, in decisive, clear-cut sentences, spoke tenderly of his parents, of his "delightful wife" and of his anxiety to be a true Soldier of Christ.

No more appropriate conclusion could have been found than the singing of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,"—the blessings of health and happiness, of human love, and companionship, and that greatest blessing of all—Salvation.

At the Balmoral Immigration Lodge a big crowd of friends gathered to wish special happiness to the young couple, and here Mrs. Staff-Captain Weeks, in spite of weakness attendant upon her recent operation, did the honors in splendid style.

Captain Sharpe, although not a product of the West, even so far as his Officership goes, is very well-known, not only in

Winnipeg, but from Montreal to Vancouver. Since his coming to Canada a number of years ago he has been connected with The Army Immigration Services, being on the staff in Montreal before he entered the Toronto Training Garrison in 1922. From there he was commissioned as Assistant in the Winnipeg Office, where he stayed until about nine months ago he was transferred to the Woodstock Lodge, Ontario. While in Winnipeg he did good work as a Soldier at Winnipeg VIII (Home St.), occupying at different times the positions of Scout-Leader and Y.P.S.M.

Ensign Biro entered the work from Yorkton, Sask., in 1919 "Joyful Service Session", and after a period of Training was appointed as Lieutenant to assist in the opening of the Kamsack Corps. Her Field experience, however, was not destined to be long or varied, for soon after she was appointed to the Finance Department, and has spent eight happy years as a valued member of the Staff. Her last duties being those of Headquarters Cashier.—D.O.J.

THE BLESSED ARMY BONNET

A LONDON (Eng.) magazine says: "The Salvation Army bonnet, so familiar in our streets, is not, after all, to be abolished. It was first invented because the Founder of The Salvation Army wished his women soldiers to be easily distinguished as soldiers. It had a deeper condescendence than in those days, which was perhaps as well, for it protected the 'lasses' faces from the garbage and soot which hooligans flung at them."

One cannot altogether blame the writer for supposing there would be some alteration; it is this craze for 0000 size that does it. We see that the Magnanimité conference has declined to make any alteration in the 300 year old style of their female headgear. Nothing like making a style and keeping to it. It is not a question of ugliness, sisters, it's a matter of distinction from the world, isn't it?

WINNIPEG HOME LEAGUE NOTES

In our issue of last week we announced that Mrs. Brigadier Taylor would be opening a Sale of Work at Home Street, Winnipeg, on the 16th inst. We ought to have announced this event as taking place at SHERBOURNE STREET. Will all interested friends please note this correction. The time is 3 p.m.

Can't Over and the League officials at Winnipeg announce a Home League Sale on Tuesday, the 19th inst. Mrs. Brigadier Smith will open the proceedings at 2 p.m. clock.

Home Street League announces a "Sale of Ten and Home Cooking Sale" on Thursday, June 28th, from three o'clock until the husbands arrive. A special invitation to all Home Street friends.

It should be observed that the above refer to Winnipeg Home Leagues, but we should be just as pleased to make announcements on behalf of Corps and Leagues in other parts of the Territory. Will League friends please note—but remember that we go to press at least ten days before the date of issue.



Winnipeg, June 14th

Just as we go to press the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller are arriving in Winnipeg, after his long and trying experiences in Vancouver. It is good to know that he has been in the care of such devoted comrades as those out West.

Here is an item of interest. W. Hutchings, Jr., of Vancouver III has invented a new type of electric washing machine for which he has received a patent from the Dominion Government. Our comrade is 18 years of age, and is an ardent Senior Soldier and worker in the No. III Corps, thus following in the footsteps of his parents who have been enrolled Salvationists for over twenty years.

There should be a good attendance at Winnipeg Citadel on Monday night next—the 18th. The Commissioner is booked to be there to preside over the concluding exercises of the Forty-Second Anniversary weekend, and to present Long Service Badges to no less than 50 veterans in Local Officership. As a motto for the night we suggest, "What shall be done unto the man when the king delighteth to honour?"

Major Onke tells us this one. Captain Townsend, recently appointed to the Subscribers Department in Regina, says that he was in rural Saskatchewan and "A man grabbed me with both hands, and said he had been in that place for twenty years and had not seen The Army uniform for over sixteen of them; he gave me \$10.00." And cheap at the price, says Major Onke.

On Thursday last, the Editorial sanction's usual quietude was disturbed by the

"sound of revelry" across the landing. On inquiry we found it was the Staff Officer members of a certain "Board" welcoming Brigadier Park back to duty after her hospital sojournings.

A recent visitor at T.H.O. was Comrade Ramsdale, of Chicago. He was returning from the funeral and memorial services of his mother, a valiant Soldier in Victoria; we mentioned her promotion recently. He tells us that the many messages of comradely sympathy have been greatly appreciated by his dear ones, and have been a means of much comfort to his bereaved father.

The Editor has said something like this before. He is always glad to receive photos for publication, particularly of Army scenes and events and happenings in the lives of Salvationists. One important rule to be observed, however, is—"No flowers." Comprenez?

The Toronto "Cry" announces the farewell of Brigadier Knight of the Saint John, N.B., Division, and that Major Kendall takes up pro-tem Divisional Commander duties. Brigadier Knight goes on furlough.

This is in danger of becoming a "Coming Events" column for those who—but never mind.

Winnipeg Salvationists and their friends and relatives are heartily invited to the Garrison Social Party to be held in the grounds of the T.G. (Portage Avenue) on Monday, the 18th inst. The opening ceremony will be performed by Mrs. Joseph Merrett, supported by the Commissioner and the Garrison Staff. Sher-

brooke St. and Ft. Rouge Bands will be in attendance, and also the Singers from Elmwood. Try to be there also, you'll have a real good time.

Why not read the "Young Soldier"? It isn't quite a "Kid's Paper", and it's worth far more than its nominal price of 2c; for instance, this week there is a highly interesting and educative article therein entitled "Who invented the match?" Every week there are items of information and education, and you would not hurt or break yourself by purchasing a copy. Why not do so regularly?

"There are lots of men in this world, jemma, and still more women, who grow old before their time working for other people; and I take it that when folks talk o' their wrinkles, the Lord says, 'My name shall be on their foreheads'; and when folks talk o' their grey hairs, He says, 'They shall walk with Me in white for they are worthy.'"—E. Thorneycroft Fowler.

LT.-COL. PAYNE AND GRACE HOSPITAL OFFICERS AT SOUTH VANCOUVER

South Vancouver Corps has been experiencing some blessed times recently. On Sunday, the 3rd inst., we had the pleasure of having with us all day Lt.-Colonel Payne; she was accompanied by Adjutant Lister and several of the Officers from Grace Hospital. We were greatly helped by her recital of her early day experiences. The Officers and nurses entered heartily into the proceedings, among them being two recent Army converts.

Our Self-Denial Campaign has been a splendid success, both Senior and Young People reaching their objectives. We are in for victory all the time.—M.A.W.

Central States Territory Celebrates Self-Denial Victory

THE ARMY forces which operate in the United States under the leadership of Lt.-Commissioner McMillan have recently celebrated their Self-Denial victory, when a total of \$115,561.22 was proclaimed as the contribution for the event of 1928. We join with our American comrades in their rejoicing over this attainment.

Mr. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg

well from Norway and Take
tant Travelling Commission

ERS of the "War Cry" and
ationists generally will be inter-
near that the General appoint-
missioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, at
Territorial Commissioner in Nor-
an important position, with
to utilising her services in special
all parts of the world.

Commissioner will see various
as, as decided by the General,
ent him upon special occasions,
and Territorial Commissioners, and
take other commissions of an
character. It will be recognised
long experience gained by the
longer in various Territorial Com-
in India and in Europe, and her
acquaintance with many prob-
lem with her close relationship
with the Founder and the present
will be of great help to her
new position, and we are sure she
upon prayers and confidence of
e Army in her various journey-
undertakings.

missioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg will
from Norway about the middle
at, and will leave later in that
for South Africa where she is
nected the Native and European
battles. Commissioner de Groot and
rs are looking forward with keen
nt to the Commissioner's visit,
ch great advances are expected

Commissioner Mapp Conducts Imphant N.S.W. Congress

undred Seekers Registered
wealth Statesmen Appreci-
ate Army Work
(By Cable)

missioner Henry W. Mapp, who
a high place in the sections
vidence of Australians, has just
a gloriously successful Congress
ney and
in the
n East
follow-
brilliant
in the
ready re-



Commissioner Mapp

pressed the highest appreciation
of the Salvation Army.
Commissioner, who has been
ly sustained throughout his
delivered impassioned addresses
or crowds, and under the gracious
of the Holy Spirit was so power-
ful in convincing his hearers of the
daring upon sin and holiness that
dred seekers came forward.

ers' Councils were the most
and their influence will long
a grateful memory by all ranks.
Commissioner and Mrs. Charles Swinton
loyal and devoted help. An
message was received from the
Australians, through their Ter-
raders, reciprocate the feelings
to them by Commissioner Mapp
American Continent. They
d firm in loyalty to the inter-
Salvation Army, living in peace
George L. Carpenter, a Mel-

rendered splendid service as
leader of the Winnipeg Citadel

Commissioner and Mr. Rich-
ard to preside over the final
Meeting of Brigadier Allen
Wednesday next, the 20th. We feel
there will be a large number of
and Soldiers in the Report
Citadel to bid Godspeed to
ted comrade. There may be
the city who would also wish
ades if they were informed;
rades do their best to make
ing known.

A Tempest of Triumph and Thanksgiving

How we celebrated the Self-Denial In-gathering in Winnipeg

THESE things are a parable, and yet
not altogether a parable, for they
are actual fact. Shall we improve the
figure by saying these things are symbolic?

On Tuesday night last we gathered in
the Winnipeg Citadel for the Territorial
(and Manitoba Divisional) Self-Denial
In-gathering, and a riotously happy time
we had. The Citadel Band rendered, for
the first time in public, Captain Eric
Ball's march—"Climbing up the Golden
Stairs." Immediately our thought-ma-
chine operated; if it had not been for
Commissioner Booth-Tucker's lifting melo-
dy, there would have been no such march-
pieces; if it had not been for Consul
Booth-Tucker's inviting words, there
would have been no such air; if it had not
been for the little child's "go-to-bed"
expression in that household, there would
have been no such song;—and if there
had been no such happy, little child—

It was a great "Go," that is to say, it
did GO. From the very first song out-
lined by the Field Secretary—"Our
battles and in saving sinners weary"—
until the final Amen of the benediction.
We were on tip-toe all the time.

Jogging to some "Joy" Strains

Lt. Colonel Sims' prayer recalled in
our minds, if that had been necessary,
our Over-Seas Comrades and the fact
that so much of our Self-Denial labours
had been in their behalf; that gave us a
sort of family joy. Then the Commis-
sioner, right on his toes, so to speak, set
us jogging to some "Joy" strains, finishing
with that good old Army anthem—"Joy
in 'The Salvation Army'—whereat we
did thank God."

And then his "remarks"; quick, in-
cise, to the point; telling of something
accomplished, hinting at a victory, and
so whetting our appetites for what we
had all along hoped would be the result.
Is there ever a keener Salvation Army
crowd than on Ingathering Night, except
maybe, on Commissioning Night? The
two run each other pretty close in Army
family interest.

Talking of family interest, just as we
entered the Meeting we heard our leader-
man say to another, "Say, we're in for
a special go tonight—Dad and Mum are
sitting together" and we remembered the
long years of Local Officership which had
in part prevented such a proper state of
affairs. But to tell the truth we were
all together on Tuesday night—it was
a real family affair.

Mrs. Rich read to us from the Scrip-
tures, and brought us up to the central
theme for every Salvation Soldier's heart
—"The Unspeakable Gift." And for a
moment or two we paused to wonder and
adore over that most willing of Self-
Denial Offerings—"God's well-beloved
Son." It is well that we should be
reminded of these things, that our "joy
may be full."

Our Missionary Representatives

There was more than ever emphasized
when we came to what has become a
part of our Ingathering ritual; the calling
to remembrance of Western Canada's
Missionary representatives. We were at
the back of the hall, and it was a real
joy for us to hear the quick recognitions
—"family recognition" of the various
factions. The Pugmires, the Newmans, the
Pattersons, the Johnstons, the Sulli-
vans, and after the other, such a joyful
shouting—and the cheers for each of them.

So they come—here are others—the
Blacks, the Skotnesons, the Allens, the
Tails, the Edwards, oh, we haven't
even the end of the list—Canada knows
how to be generous; there were the
McIntoshes, the Marlands, and then En-
signs, Ensigns, Ensigns, Ensigns, Ensigns,
Mrs. Little, Mrs. Fraser, Captain
Little, Captain Grace Hoddinott and
Ensign Ada Irwin—there they were,
smiling, smiling as we always seemed to
see them doing in the days "of their
sojournings."

New came along the other slides—we
drifted into that part of the programme
almost without knowing, and before we

could well realise that we had cheered
and prayed for our Missionary comrades,
we were cheering our financial contribu-
tions. Ft. Rouge slipped on to the sheet
—in its usual inobtrusive fashion, and
thence forward, for nearly an hour, we were
kept busy with note-book and pencil
taking down the figures. Whoever it
was that arranged the slides, especially
the interspersive ones, had a keen eye
to the justness of the event, as well as to
the happy humour of the evening. And
the intervening choruses—all indicative
of the spirit of hard work and victory—
kept us jogging. We tell you—"It was
a famous victory."

It was especially so for Staff-Cap-
tain Steele and the warriors of the
Manitoba Division. Mrs. Steele sat
there with her face all agleam, some-
thing different from the pushful pose
she had had a few weeks earlier. The
Officers on the platform tried not to
appear too much "We've had a hand
in it," but it was no use. It was
their victory.

No, no, wait a bit; we are not going
to tell you the final figures just yet. In
such an Army as ours, and in these wide-
spreading lands about which our limi-

fresh setting for Self-Denial. He seemed
to be a little at sea as to why he should
be thus honoured—but wait a bit.

The clock was racing round.—(Why
do they have it just where everybody can
see it, and get accordingly fidgety?)

Goodly Victories—and Popular

The Commissioner was once more on
his feet, although it seemed to us he had
not remained seated for long during any
part of the evening. Now the Banners
were being presented—the Self-Denial
Champion Banners, you understand.
Always a tense few moments these.

Weston said a solemn good-bye to the
Divisional Young People's Banner, but
rioted over when they heard that it had
gone for 1928 to Ft. William; Captain
Johnson knew the reason for his coming
when he was prompted forward for the
Senior Divisional Banner for Neepawa,
—and both goodly victories they were,
and popular.

Much guessing preceded the presenta-
tion—or announcement—of the Champion
Territorial Winner, but it seemed as
though the whole house wanted to shout
"Hallelujah!" when they heard that Cap-
tain and Mrs. Blue and the Biggar Braves
had swooped it for this year. One
comrade gave vent to his feelings by



shining through; the night of wrong is
passing away, and the Sun of Righteous-
ness rises with healing in His wings.
These were the things we saw as the
Commissioner spoke, and then reverently
and also happily we bowed with him as
he placed our gifts on the altar, saying
as he did so:

Lord, these things are Thine; this
money is Thine; we are Thine; the
world is Thine; we bring it, we bring
ourselves, and all we have and are
and hope to be, and lay it at Thy
bleeding Feet. Take it, take us, O
Lord, and make it and us for ever
Thine, Amen.

FAREWELL SUNDAY—JUNE 24

Once again the majority of Corps Officers of the Canada West
Territory are under orders to bid farewell to their comrades. If
they have served you 'better than any who have gone before' thank
God for their ministry and ask Him to make them a blessing to others
as they have been to you.

If you are glad they are going faithfully examine your own
heart, and what is revealed to you will silence your tongue regarding
the faults of any one else.

When you have said 'Good-bye and God bless you!' ask yourself
how you would manage a Corps of Soldiers as faulty as yourself and
you will be very busy praying for grace for the incoming Officers.

God bless and inspire our Field Officers! May He comfort those
who are sad at leaving dear comrades, and those who face the future
with apprehension, and may He help the children over the difficult
period of breaking old school and home associations and starting anew!

grant Agencies wax so eloquent, it is not
always easy to get the final result;
"here a little, and there a little" is espe-
cially appropriate at these times. But we
will carry on!

Came after this some announcements
when the D.C., in his quick, sharp tones,
told us of some interesting coming events,
and then we forgot them all in the thought
of the Commissioning Week-end which
looms so large on the horizon of some of
those who were present. Then the
Band played Captain Ball's march, which
led us to our preface moralising, but
which we seem to have forgotten in
writing our report. What we wanted to
say in that connection was—if it had not
been for that little child of Consul Booth-
Tucker's there might have been no Eric
Ball's March; and if it had not been for
the apparently small and insignificant
work on the part of hundreds of Army
comrades throughout Canada West, there
would have been no joy in our Ingathering.
Now, let us get on again.

Adj. Acton's Continental Challenge

Adjutant Acton was on his feet—liter-
ally on his feet; quite smart and happy
and snappy he looked. It was not many
minutes before he had the audience
bubbling over, especially when he issued
his Continental Challenge for next year's
Altar Service. (We wonder has the
P.S. let him have a look at the Farewell
Slides.) We wish we could reproduce
his words, but they are nothing without
his accompanying gestures and gesticula-
tions. Imagine them for yourselves.

A little later in the evening Captain
Johnson, of Neepawa, arrived all breath-
lessly. Suddenly he was hailed up for
a speech—and a bright and spiritually
Army affair he made of it—he gave us a

shouting "Hear, hear," which proved he
was no true disciple of the Champion,
Platform, floor, and gallery exuberated
again when the Commissioner gaily
announced that Ft. William had also won
the Territorial Y.P. Banner, and the
loudest in their cheerings were those good
and plucky folk over from Weston—who
are already planning for next year's
revenge and recapture.

Gracious, it was a time! And what
happened after that? Once more the
Commissioner took the centre of the
platform, and we joined in a welter of
applause as we heard and saw the various
Divisional "approximations." We are
obliged to use that word because the end
is not yet, and we are not in a position
to give the final amounts. Let this be
said, however, it is all fair and sound
sailing—there is no gerrymandering going
on behind the scenes—not a scramble
to make it up, but just the certain knowl-
edge that the best yet has been done,
and this without taking into consideration
all the other and extra schemes which
have been afloat recently. Much money
has been raised throughout the Territory
for various important extensions and
adjustments—and much more is needed
—but having done and said all that, still
we are to rejoice in a notable triumph,
about which we shall be able to finalise
in our next issue. It will do you no harm
to make you want to read next week's
"War Cry."

And the Commissioner's charge and
consolation. Always he brings us back
to the main issue, and as he spoke we saw
those fearful hosts of sin who are battling
for every inch of ground, and we took
courage for the fact that inch by inch
they are being driven back, held in check.
The clouds of sin are lifting, the sun is

Killisnoo, Alaska, Swept by Fire

Army Hall and Quarters Destroyed;
Villagers Plunged into Deepest Dis-
tress

The Commissioner has received word
from Major Carruthers that the entire
Village of Killisnoo has been swept by
fire, and that included in the almost
general destruction are the Army Hall
and Quarters. Our brave comrades,
Adjutant and Mrs. Quick have thus
suffered the loss of all their personal
belongings, as have also many of our
Army comrades and others in the neigh-
bourhood.

A few days ago the village, which is
situated on a picturesque island in the
Inner Waters of the Alaskan Coast, was
the centre of thriving industry; now it
lies in ruins. The Commissioner was
prompt in telegraphing relief funds for
our stricken people, and would be glad
to hear from any readers of "The War
Cry" who may be similarly generously
disposed.

British Field Notes

On a recent Sunday night at Milford
Haven the manager of a local Picture
Palace was among the seekers.

At Chester-le-Street a backslider has
been attending the Meetings for over
twenty-five years, and every Sunday night
during that period the Sergt-Major has
had a word with him about his soul, in
addition to praying hundreds of times for
his return. He has come back to God.

Brigadier Bernard Booth and Ensign
Jackson have had a "Swift Road Cam-
paign" along the South Coast of Britain;
the following Corps being visited:—Port-
smouth, Hove, Brighton Congress Hall,
Seaford, Eastbourne and Bexhill; con-
cluding with a late-hour Meeting at
Hastings 1.

Northampton 1 Corps has bid farewell
to the old City Jail Citadel which they
have occupied for over forty-three years,
having taken possession of a fine new
Citadel.

Certain British Bands have recently
"clubbed together" to present a full set
of the New Band Tune Book to the Corps
Band at Kamia, Tokio. A similar gift
is being arranged for other Japanese
Bands.

Lt. Colonel J. Brown has taken up
duties as Divisional Commander at
Ipswich in succession to Major Olive
Booth.

A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the New Band Tune Book (Compiled by Hon. Deputy-Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg Citadel)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (*)

Salvation—Death (Continued)			
127 Listen to the invitation.....	285	298	290
128 Near us standing here.....	252	253	309
129 'Till soon he gone.....	231	234	
130 Sinners, whither would.....	236	241	
131 And am I born to die?.....	123	125	137
132 A few more years.....	123	136	139
133 You must get your sins.....	147		
134 The King of all terrors.....	344	362	
135 Come, ye trifling sinners.....	155	169	
137 And am I only born to.....	247	260	

Judgment			
138 Lo, He comes with.....	296	297	299
139 And will the Judge.....	124	140	
140 The blast of the trumpet.....	237	249	
141 Lo, on a narrow neck of.....	247	249	
142 Six of years are all.....	435		
143 When thy mortal life.....	243	161	152
145 Your garments must be.....	54	85	
146 The angel of the Lord.....	111	120	
147 The great exchange.....	243	25	
150 Day of Judgment, Day of.....	302	305	306
153 When Thou, my righte.....	247	246	
154 When the trumpet of the.....	246		

Hell			
158 My thoughts on awful.....	78	105	
160 Oh, midmost cry in Hell.....	226	228	
162 O sinners, now.....	330	332	

Sinners Seeking Pardon			
163 Thou that heretofore.....	8	10	
164 Jesus, my Lord, to thee.....	242	243	241
165 Just as I am without one.....	242	243	247
166 Jesus, see me as Thy feet.....	243	245	
167 Lord, I hear of showers.....	243	245	
168 A weary sinner at Thy.....	243	245	
169 Thy Lord, a sinner.....	243	245	
170 Jesus, lover of my soul.....	157	171	
172 O Boundless Salvation.....	140	164	165
173 Rock of Ages, cleft for.....	163	165	167
174 I have heard of a Saviour.....	322		
175 What can wash away my.....	147		
176 Thy birth, and by.....	162	163	
177 Terrible thought, shall I.....	38	54	
179 When shall Thy love.....	123	129	133
180 Oh, remember Calvary.....	615		
181 Heavenly Father, bless.....	140		
182 Tell me the old old story.....	189	191	201
183 As I am, before Thy face.....	141	147	156
185 Depth of Mercy.....	140	320	
186 With my heart so full.....	141	320	
187 Not all the blood of.....	123	131	
188 When looking back upon.....	247		
189 My God, my God, to.....	49	65	
191 Pass me not, O loving.....	238	240	

Backsliders			
192 Weary of wandering.....	218	221	
193 How shall a lost sinner.....	307	310	
194 Oh, for a closer walk.....	105	107	117
195 Hasten to the cross.....	245	248	
196 Jesus, Shepherd of the.....	162	163	169
197 Saviour, I now with.....	32	35	38
198 Jesus, if still thou art.....	139	140	
199 Ah! whither should I go.....	139	140	
200 Jesus, Thou knowest my.....	212	213	
201 Jesus, if still the same.....	212	213	
202 God is in this.....	64	76	

(To be Continued)			
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(Note.—We suggest that this "Index" should be cut out and kept for reference. When compiled it will furnish very useful information for Officers, Bandmasters, Bandmen, etc.—Ed.)

THE TAMBOURINE WAS SAVED

An Incident of Early Army Days in Switzerland

A new Corps was to be opened at Biel, Switzerland and Lieutenant Kupfer (now Lieut.-Colonel, Retired), who was to take charge, was conscious in the first Meeting, led by Staff Officers, that "a lot of evil spirits" were present. She could not speak.

Someone awakened her that night to say that the benches and everything else breakable in their Hall had been smashed by the roughs. She rose and went (not in uniform) to see, but found the door locked and a crowd in the street outside.

Slipping round behind, she entered the Hall by a back window and then addressed the crowd through the one in front, speaking both in French and German, explaining what The Army was, for, and urging them to get converted. For ten minutes they listened. Then someone shouted furiously: "We should kill her with stones," and they began to fling in whatever missiles they could pick up.

There was a kind of trap-door in the floor, and the Lieutenant pulled it up and disappeared, going through the cellar and thus finding a way out of the danger. Next morning it was seen that the broken benches had been taken out of the Hall and flung into a stream. The piano—also broken—was out in the street. "Only my little tambourine was in good health," said the Colonel whimsically, when telling the story years later—"All the World."

The biggest room in the world is the room for improvement.

LET US SING TOGETHER!



Tune: "Oh, say will you take up your Cross?" or "Where do you journey?"

You're starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;
For sin and wrongdoing are rife.
The world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say, No.

Chorus:
Have courage, my boy, to say—No;
Have courage, my boy, to say—No.
Have trust in your Heavenly Father,
For courage, my boy, to say—No.

In courage, my boy, lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin;
Your trust in your Heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from the rivulet flow;
But if you'd be true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say—No.

Be careful in choosing companions;
Seek only the brave and true;
And stand by your friends when in trial—
Ne'er changing the old for the new.
And when by false friends are tempted
The pleasures of sinning to know—
With firmness, with patience, and kind-
ness,
Have courage, my boy, to say—No.

Tune: "Lay my head beneath a rose"

I can hear a sweet voice calling
Over the hill and over the plain;
Calling me when night is falling,
And when morning comes again.
First in childhood's days I heard it,
When I knelt at mother's knee;
Often heard, oft disregarded—
But once more 'tis calling me.

Chorus:
'Tis the voice of Christ my Saviour,
With a call to all oppress,
Come to Me all ye that labour,
I will give you peace and rest.

I have wandered long in darkness,
Caring not for God nor man;
Having in my life no sweetness,
Is there not some better plan?
I have sought for earthly treasure
Sought and sought and sought in vain—
But a call to higher pleasure,
I am hearing once again.

Tune: "Roaming in the Gloaming"

I'm glad I'm a Soldier,
Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue,
Fighting for Jehovah.
To my colors I'll be true.
When I feel I've done my best,
Oh, how sweetly I can rest.
Oh, it's lovely fighting for my Saviour!
—Enoch E. Coles, U.S.A.

Tune: "Diademata" or "From every strain"

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love the Shepherd's Voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone,
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

Jesus, my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in His Blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

Tune: "Jesus with me is United"

Would I could tell how I love Him;
Tell of the love in my heart,
He has become my Salvation,
From Him I never will part.

Tune: "Lay my head beneath a rose"

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And when morning comes again.
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Sought and sought and sought in vain—
But a call to higher pleasure,
I am hearing once again.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Isn't it a lovely Army

St. Al Symptom Masines, Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I trust you will be glad to note this letter written on a typewriter. Though I am afraid I have made a few mistakes. Our young daughter, Captain, please note—Daniel is home for a few days, and she tells me that I am an expert in the "one finger exercise." These are the record one gets for slaving to send their children to a Business College; one of these days it will come home to them.

When would it be convenient for you to come up and see us—some night after supper? Dorcas and I would like to introduce you to Captain Anna—that is, Daniel's "choice." He really is a nice young fellow. I like him; he tells me he is very fond of the auto lamp as an accompaniment when it is played properly. He had never seen one until he saw mine. We're having the piano tuned, so that we shall be able to have a real nice sing-song; you'll understand it hasn't been used much since. Daniel and Danny have been on the field.

Before I forget it, though, there is one thing I must say, and say it loud and strong. I do pity those folk at Winnipeg Citadel, and Adjutant Acot especially—fancy dropping fifty "Crys" in one go. Splendid enterprise, isn't it? I certainly shall not transfer there now.

You have not yet said anything to me about continuing my duties; perhaps we could discuss that when you come to see us. I really do think that something will have to be done to stir up matters, especially as the circulation will go "bang" when the Training Garrison closes. What do you think, Mr. Editor, really happens to the customers? The dear Cadets make during their Session. Isn't it a lovely Army?

Have you thought anything more about my proposal that I should do some travelling during the summer? As it comes. We ought to be quick to the job, or else it will be over before we get our plans laid. Then I ought to make sure of getting a car—there are some nice used ones on the corner lot opposite your block. And of course nobody can do any work in the country these days without a car—can they? They used to do it when the Army first started. I know, but they are gone out of fashion long ago. I shall see what the authorities say about this travelling proposal, won't you? At the least, they might attach me to the Chariots—to the Chariot staff, I mean. I could see to the "Cry" reports, I am sure.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am so glad to be able to tell you I have finished up our Self-Denial. I have done my District absolutely. I have got the household right up to the edge of the boulevard right up to the flower of every verandah on the street. I was a bit of a pull climbing those steps, especially now I'm getting on in years, but I managed it. I came with me—he said in the end, "I waited for me until I'd finished, was a great comfort and help."

Yours affectionately,

Dorcas Domore.

Yes, Mr. Editor, we have some times, and I am glad to say so. Dorcas and me we've reached our objective, that's the new fangled word for "target" you know. How have you got along? Don't forget to come to our supper.

Yours very sincerely,

Daniel Domore, 1928



LET us continue our comment on some of the Common Metre tunes in the new Book. (That sounds a little like a pun, but be assured that no pun is further from our thoughts than a pun.) Our readers will note that we are making haste, and leaving out a story many of the tunes; it is because we have nothing to say rather than we remind ourselves of our lack of space—and there are many others which have a fascinating story; at least, we think so.

"The Judgement Day"—What Bandman of the eighties and nineties can ever forget it? How we played it. Let us think awhile, and we shall find the number of that much abused Journal, No. 65 was it not? We had a close favourite for many years. No. 64, and for bands of a more brilliant temperament—No. 84, that is ancient history. All this to say that "Judgment Day" is one of those musical conversions which The Army can well be proud of.

Just a passing word concerning "Chariot Old Style." This is partly attributed to a Dr. Tye who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. On one occasion he said a word to him to say that he was playing out of tune, whereupon he said he would send word back to him that it was the Queen's cars that were out of tune. Anyway, we have enough of this particular melody. Christmas time to make us feel that you have very little time in making up.

We must pause for a line or two to pay a tribute to "Grimsby" (66) and "The Pearl" (67), both delightfully associated in our minds with great revival; each of these tunes is very tender to him. As to "Chariot Old Style," we have been unable to do any more.

"Secular" and "Secular" tunes are in the Book. As for us, we have "The Pearl" (67), a tune which date about 1768; and "Manchester" which was certainly a secular tune. The popularity of the latter has been with the old-time cotton work song, of 1865. We've got no work to do, and all the way from Lancashire we've got no work to do. It is interesting to say that "The Pearl" was originally arranged: the two lines were sung as a duet, then the same line taken by the tenors and bass, and then sung as a chorus. I am sure this treatment

"The Pearl" (75) has been again described as a Welsh tune, and it is. It came from the pen of James Eilor, who lived in the neighbourhood of Manchester. It is in the key of G major, and is a piece of music of his hand, called out by him, as what I'd think of their new, simply crowded round Bill "Selling" the tune over. "That's all," said one, "an' where d'ye

Deliberations
iel
ore



Isn't it
a lovely
Army

e. A1 Styrenup Moneions
Whimpie.

or:

will be glad to have this
on a typewriter, although
have made a few mistakes,
laughter. Captain please
home for a few days, and
at I am an expert in the
ercises." That's all the
is for slaving to send their
Business College; one of
will come home to them.
I it be convenient for you
d see us—some night after
as and I would like to
to Captain Anon's that
choice." He really is a
ow, I like him; he tells me
nd of the auto hump as an
when it is played properly.
even one until he saw mine.
the piano tuned, so that
le to have a real nice sound-
understand it hasn't been
nce Dinah and Danny have
old.

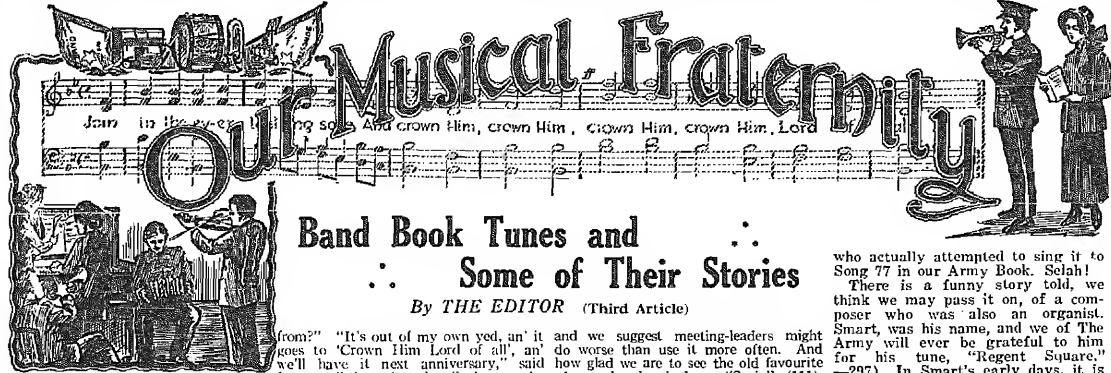
get it, though, there is one
say, and say it loud and
ny these folk at Whimpie
distant Acton—only—
—g fifty "Crys" in one go,
prize, ain't it not?
I not transfer these now,
ot yet said anything to me
ng my duties; perhaps we
hat when you come to see
do, think that something
s done to stir up matters,
the circulation will go
the Training Garrison
do you think, Mr. Editor,
to the customers the dear
during their session? Isn't
ny?

ought anything more about
that I should do some-
ing the summer season as
ought to be quick on the
will be over before we get
Then, I ought to make
a car—there are some nice
the corner lot opposite our
course nobody can go any
untry these days without a
They used to what? The
ted, I know, but I have
shion long ago. You will
authorities say about this
season, won't you? The
but I can't teach me to care
the Chariot stuff; I want
the "Cry" reports to be
itor.

ed to be able to tell you
up our Self-Denial. The
strict absolutely from the
boulevard right up to the
pendant on the street. It
a full climbing so we can
ly now I'm getting to be
I managed it. I don't
—he sat in the car and
until I'd finished. It
comfort and help.

affectionately.
Dorcas Dorene
itor, we have some great
glad to say that I have
we've reached our old-
the new fangled world for
now. How have you got
forget to come up after

very sincerely
Daniel Dorene, Editor.



Band Book Tunes and Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Third Article)

LET us continue our comments on some of the Common Metre tunes of the new Book. (That sounds rather like a pun, but be assured that nothing is further from our thoughts than such a thing.) Our readers will note that we are making haste, and leaving out of our story many of the tunes; it is not because we have nothing to say, but rather that we remind ourselves of our lack of space—and there are so many others which have a fascinating story; at least, we think so.

"The Judgment Day"—What Army Band-leader of the eighties and nineties can ever forget it? How we played and re-played it. Let us think awhile, what's the number of that much abused Band Journal, No. 65 was it not? We know it ran a close favourite for many years to No. 54 and, for bands of a more ambitious temperament—No. 84. But that is ancient history. All this just to say that "Judgment Day" is another of those musical conversions of which The Army can well be proud.

Just a passing word concerning "Winchester Old (63)". This is partly attributed to a Dr. Tye who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On one occasion that lady sent word to him to say that he was playing out of tune, whereupon the peevish old fellow sent word back to say that it was the Queen's ears that were out of tune. Anyway, we have heard enough of this particular melody at Christmas time to make us feel that some youngsters have very little tune in their make-up.

We must pause for a line or two to pay our tribute to "Grimshy" (66) and "I've found the Pearl" (67), both indelibly associated in our minds with our great founder; each of these tunes owes its Army revival to him. As yet our origin we have been unable to discover any data.

"Secured" and "Secular" tunes jostle one another in the Book. As for instance, "Anon" (71), a tune which dates from about 1798; and "Manchester" (74) which was certainly a secular air. The great popularity of the latter was associated with the old-time cotton famine outburst song, of 1865-6.

"We've got no work to do, and we've got no work to do." It may be interesting to say that "Anon" was originally arranged so that the first two lines were sung as a duet by a tenor and a bass; then the same lines were taken up by the tenors and bass, and the last lines sung as a chorus. We do not commend this treatment nowadays.

"I'm a Soldier" (75) has been again and again described as a Welsh tune, whereas it is nothing of the sort. It came from the pen of James Ellor, who lived in Drighlington, near Manchester. One day in 1846 he went into a neighbour's workshop, and, flourishing a piece of music paper in his hand, called out, "Look here, this, what d'ye think of this?" The men simply crowded round Ellor and "sold" the tune over. "That's good, lad," said one, "an' where d'ye get it

from?" "It's out of my own yed, an' it goes to 'Crown Him Lord of all', an' we'll have it next anniversary," said James, all in a breath. Such was the birth of this famous tune.

But what a host of Folk-tunes or one-time Secular airs are to be found among these C.M.'s. "Now I can read" (83) is one; "Behold the Saviour"—a notable tune for centuries under the title of "Drink to me only with thine eyes"; "Down in the Garden" (90)—originally "Massa's in the cold, cold ground"; and so on almost ad lib.

That fine old tune "Abridge" (91) is not one of these conversions; it was written by a man of the name of Isaac Smith, who was originally a Quaker; he named it after a little village in Essex, near Epping Forest, where the air first came into being about the year 1761—the year which also dates the birth of that splendid S.M. "Falcon Street" (128). Smith once gave a piece of useful advice to precentors when he suggested they should always use a pitch-pipe, so as to avoid the possibility of "shrieking on the high notes or growling on the low ones."

But in spite of a desire to stay longer with the C.M.'s, we must hasten on, except to say that the Editors have done their duty in finding a place for "Bright Crowns" (103), a good old Ranter tune which also lives because of our fundamental affection for it. "For you-u and me-e-e"—what memories!

Come we now to the D.C.M.'s, and here we will pause to say that "Blessings on Canaan's shore" (110) is a thoroughly good adaptation for this D.C.M. purpose.

and we suggest meeting-leaders might do worse than use it more often. And how glad we are to see the old favourite of our boy-hood days—"Syria" (111), which is a French national air, and was written by Hortense, the step-daughter of the great Emperor Napoleon. She was a woman of strange propensities, and of a queer moral turn, but she certainly gave us a good tune. It ought to be more widely used amongst us.

"Ten thousand souls" (115) was originally sung to the words "Down in a green and shady bed"; in that guise it might never have gone beyond the shores of old England, but now it is one of The Army's international tunes. It was just a little risky of the Editors to style "Vicars of Bray" (118) as a D.C.M.—there will be some valiant struggles with it in that form, but we can at least recommend it as an agreeable substitute for "Canaan, bright Canaan" which is stored away at the back of the book (158). But we will not criticise, for we are glad to have it set down now as a real Army Tune to be sung all round the world "In golden hours of brightest joy."

However, we have a suspicion that we have already over-run our limits again, and so let us bring this article to a close by returning to (60) "Miles Lane" which of all tunes has suffered most at the hands of Editors, but which we hope has now certain finality in this splendid world-wide melody.

We confess to a great fondness for this tune ourselves because its author was born within a stone's throw of our own birthplace—a hundred or two years earlier. Shrubsole was organist at the Cathedral at Canterbury, and it is said that Perronet wrote his famous lines, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," during his ministry in that city, showed them to Shrubsole, and forthwith this melody was born. It has suffered agonies, we imagine, by some of the ludicrous adaptations; we have heard of one zealous comrade

who actually attempted to sing it to Song 77 in our Army Book. Selah! There is a funny story told, we think we may pass it on, of a composer who was also an organist. Smart, was his name, and we of The Army will ever be grateful to him for his tune, "Regent Square." (297). In Smart's early days, it is said, it was the custom for the organist to play a few interludic chords between each verse of a hymn. A certain grumbler in the congregation had adversely criticised Smart's accompaniments; he said nothing, but waited his chance.

It came when "Miles Lane" was chosen. He started it in its usual B-flat. All went well. But in the interlude between verse 1 and 2, the organist modulated, very cleverly, into the key of B, and so on verse by verse until he had it set away up into D, if not beyond, until those high notes, so the story goes, must have joined the company of the "lost chord." At all events, the organist effectually silenced his complaining critics.

And the following is not strictly a story of the tune, rather of the song itself, but it has such a moving charm about it, that we take leave to place it here—"Let us crown Him" also, shall we?

The old man was dying, and those that stood around saw his lips moving and they heard him say, "Bring."

They gathered a little closer to him, thinking that he wanted water, for his lips were parched, but he shook his head. Then they thought he wanted his wife and they brought her, but again he shook his head.

Next they thought he was asking for his children, and they brought them, but he lifted his hand, as much as to say, "It is not my children that I want."

All the time he was saying, "Bring," "Bring!" with fainter and fainter voice. Finally there seemed to come to him a superhuman strength, and raising himself on his pillow, he fell back, with arms outstretched, saying: "Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all."

(To be continued)

Band Music for The Salvation Army.

1st Cornet in B flat,
1st Clarinetone in B flat,
Or Solo Baritone or Euphonium.

No. 11.

I'm a happy Soldier.

FINE CHORUS. D.S.

Then awake. FINE.

Salvation Army, Army of God. D.C.

Oh, it is glory. Repeat for Chorus.

Printed and published at the Head Quarters of the Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, and sent by post through any Captain or any Downline. For Bands of 12, 24, 36, 48, or 60, 66, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144, 156, 168, 180, 192, 204, 216, 228, 240, 252, 264, 276, 288, 300, 312, 324, 336, 348, 360, 372, 384, 396, 408, 420, 432, 444, 456, 468, 480, 492, 504, 516, 528, 540, 552, 564, 576, 588, 600, 612, 624, 636, 648, 660, 672, 684, 696, 708, 720, 732, 744, 756, 768, 780, 792, 804, 816, 828, 840, 852, 864, 876, 888, 900, 912, 924, 936, 948, 960, 972, 984, 996, 1008, 1020, 1032, 1044, 1056, 1068, 1080, 1092, 1104, 1116, 1128, 1140, 1152, 1164, 1176, 1188, 1200, 1212, 1224, 1236, 1248, 1260, 1272, 1284, 1296, 1308, 1320, 1332, 1344, 1356, 1368, 1380, 1392, 1404, 1416, 1428, 1440, 1452, 1464, 1476, 1488, 1500, 1512, 1524, 1536, 1548, 1560, 1572, 1584, 1596, 1608, 1620, 1632, 1644, 1656, 1668, 1680, 1692, 1704, 1716, 1728, 1740, 1752, 1764, 1776, 1788, 1800, 1812, 1824, 1836, 1848, 1860, 1872, 1884, 1896, 1908, 1920, 1932, 1944, 1956, 1968, 1980, 1992, 2004, 2016, 2028, 2040, 2052, 2064, 2076, 2088, 2100, 2112, 2124, 2136, 2148, 2160, 2172, 2184, 2196, 2208, 2220, 2232, 2244, 2256, 2268, 2280, 2292, 2304, 2316, 2328, 2340, 2352, 2364, 2376, 2388, 2400, 2412, 2424, 2436, 2448, 2460, 2472, 2484, 2496, 2508, 2520, 2532, 2544, 2556, 2568, 2580, 2592, 2604, 2616, 2628, 2640, 2652, 2664, 2676, 2688, 2700, 2712, 2724, 2736, 2748, 2760, 2772, 2784, 2796, 2808, 2820, 2832, 2844, 2856, 2868, 2880, 2892, 2904, 2916, 2928, 2940, 2952, 2964, 2976, 2988, 3000, 3012, 3024, 3036, 3048, 3060, 3072, 3084, 3096, 3108, 3120, 3132, 3144, 3156, 3168, 3180, 3192, 3204, 3216, 3228, 3240, 3252, 3264, 3276, 3288, 3300, 3312, 3324, 3336, 3348, 3360, 3372, 3384, 3396, 3408, 3420, 3432, 3444, 3456, 3468, 3480, 3492, 3504, 3516, 3528, 3540, 3552, 3564, 3576, 3588, 3600, 3612, 3624, 3636, 3648, 3660, 3672, 3684, 3696, 3708, 3720, 3732, 3744, 3756, 3768, 3780, 3792, 3804, 3816, 3828, 3840, 3852, 3864, 3876, 3888, 3900, 3912, 3924, 3936, 3948, 3960, 3972, 3984, 3996, 4008, 4020, 4032, 4044, 4056, 4068, 4080, 4092, 4104, 4116, 4128, 4140, 4152, 4164, 4176, 4188, 4200, 4212, 4224, 4236, 4248, 4260, 4272, 4284, 4296, 4308, 4320, 4332, 4344, 4356, 4368, 4380, 4392, 4404, 4416, 4428, 4440, 4452, 4464, 4476, 4488, 4500, 4512, 4524, 4536, 4548, 4560, 4572, 4584, 4596, 4608, 4620, 4632, 4644, 4656, 4668, 4680, 4692, 4704, 4716, 4728, 4740, 4752, 4764, 4776, 4788, 4800, 4812, 4824, 4836, 4848, 4860, 4872, 4884, 4896, 4908, 4920, 4932, 4944, 4956, 4968, 4980, 4992, 5004, 5016, 5028, 5040, 5052, 5064, 5076, 5088, 5100, 5112, 5124, 5136, 5148, 5160, 5172, 5184, 5196, 5208, 5220, 5232, 5244, 5256, 5268, 5280, 5292, 5304, 5316, 5328, 5340, 5352, 5364, 5376, 5388, 5400, 5412, 5424, 5436, 5448, 5460, 5472, 5484, 5496, 5508, 5520, 5532, 5544, 5556, 5568, 5580, 5592, 5604, 5616, 5628, 5640, 5652, 5664, 5676, 5688, 5700, 5712, 5724, 5736, 5748, 5760, 5772, 5784, 5796, 5808, 5820, 5832, 5844, 5856, 5868, 5880, 5892, 5904, 5916, 5928, 5940, 5952, 5964, 5976, 5988, 6000, 6012, 6024, 6036, 6048, 6060, 6072, 6084, 6096, 6108, 6120, 6132, 6144, 6156, 6168, 6180, 6192, 6204, 6216, 6228, 6240, 6252, 6264, 6276, 6288, 6300, 6312, 6324, 6336, 6348, 6360, 6372, 6384, 6396, 6408, 6420, 6432, 6444, 6456, 6468, 6480, 6492, 6504, 6516, 6528, 6540, 6552, 6564, 6576, 6588, 6600, 6612, 6624, 6636, 6648, 6660, 6672, 6684, 6696, 6708, 6720, 6732, 6744, 6756, 6768, 6780, 6792, 6804, 6816, 6828, 6840, 6852, 6864, 6876, 6888, 6900, 6912, 6924, 6936, 6948, 6960, 6972, 6984, 6996, 7008, 7020, 7032, 7044, 7056, 7068, 7080, 7092, 7104, 7116, 7128, 7140, 7152, 7164, 7176, 7188, 7200, 7212, 7224, 7236, 7248, 7260, 7272, 7284, 7296, 7308, 7320, 7332, 7344, 7356, 7368, 7380, 7392, 7404, 7416, 7428, 7440, 7452, 7464, 7476, 7488, 7500, 7512, 7524, 7536, 7548, 7560, 7572, 7584, 7596, 7608, 7620, 7632, 7644, 7656, 7668, 7680, 7692, 7704, 7716, 7728, 7740, 7752, 7764, 7776, 7788, 7800, 7812, 7824, 7836, 7848, 7860, 7872, 7884, 7896, 7908, 7920, 7932, 7944, 7956, 7968, 7980, 7992, 8004, 8016, 8028, 8040, 8052, 8064, 8076, 8088, 8100, 8112, 8124, 8136, 8148, 8160, 8172, 8184, 8196, 8208, 8220, 8232, 8244, 8256, 8268, 8280, 8292, 8304, 8316, 8328, 8340, 8352, 8364, 8376, 8388, 8400, 8412, 8424, 8436, 8448, 8460, 8472, 8484, 8496, 8508, 8520, 8532, 8544, 8556, 8568, 8580, 8592, 8604, 8616, 8628, 8640, 8652, 8664, 8676, 8688, 8700, 8712, 8724, 8736, 8748, 8760, 8772, 8784, 8796, 8808, 8820, 8832, 8844, 8856, 8868, 8880, 8892, 8904, 8916, 8928, 8940, 8952, 8964, 8976, 8988, 9000, 9012, 9024, 9036, 9048, 9060, 9072, 9084, 9096, 9108, 9120, 9132, 9144, 9156, 9168, 9180, 9192, 9204, 9216, 9228, 9240, 9252, 9264, 9276, 9288, 9300, 9312, 9324, 9336, 9348, 9360, 9372, 9384, 9396, 9408, 9420, 9432, 9444, 9456, 9468, 9480, 9492, 9504, 9516, 9528, 9540, 9552, 9564, 9576, 9588, 9600, 9612, 9624, 9636, 9648, 9660, 9672, 9684, 9696, 9708, 9720, 9732, 9744, 9756, 9768, 9780, 9792, 9804, 9816, 9828, 9840, 9852, 9864, 9876, 9888, 9900, 9912, 9924, 9936, 9948, 9960, 9972, 9984, 9996, 10008, 10020, 10032, 10044, 10056, 10068, 10080, 10092, 10104, 10116, 10128, 10140, 10152, 10164, 10176, 10188, 10200, 10212, 10224, 10236, 10248, 10260, 10272, 10284, 10296, 10308, 10320, 10332, 10344, 10356, 10368, 10380, 10392, 10404, 10416, 10428, 10440, 10452, 10464, 10476, 10488, 10500, 10512, 10524, 10536, 10548, 10560, 10572, 10584, 10596, 10608, 10620, 10632, 10644, 10656, 10668, 10680, 10692, 10704, 10716, 10728, 10740, 10752, 10764, 10776, 10788, 10800, 10812, 10824, 10836, 10848, 10860, 10872, 10884, 10896, 10908, 10920, 10932, 10944, 10956, 10968, 10980, 10992, 11004, 11016, 11028, 11040, 11052, 11064, 11076, 11088, 11100, 11112, 11124, 11136, 11148, 11160, 11172, 11184, 11196, 11208, 11220, 11232, 11244, 11256, 11268, 11280, 11292, 11304, 11316, 11328, 11340, 11352, 11364, 11376, 11388, 11400, 11412, 11424, 11436, 11448, 11460, 11472, 11484, 11496, 11508, 11520, 11532, 11544, 11556, 11568, 11580, 11592, 11604, 11616, 11628, 11640, 11652, 11664, 11676, 11688, 11700, 11712, 11724, 11736, 11748, 11760, 11772, 11784, 11796, 11808, 11820, 11832, 11844, 11856, 11868, 11880, 11892, 11904, 11916, 11928, 11940, 11952, 11964, 11976, 11988, 12000, 12012, 12024, 12036, 12048, 12060, 12072, 12084, 12096, 12108, 12120, 12132, 12144, 12156, 12168, 12180, 12192, 12204, 12216, 12228, 12240, 12252, 12264, 12276, 12288, 12300, 12312, 12324, 12336, 12348, 12360, 12372, 12384, 12396, 12408, 12420, 12432, 12444, 12456, 12468, 12480, 12492, 12504, 12516, 12528, 12540, 12552, 12564, 12576, 12588, 12600, 12612, 12624, 12636, 12648, 12660, 12672, 12684, 12696, 12708, 12720, 12732, 12744, 12756, 12768, 12780, 12792, 12804, 12816, 12828, 12840, 12852, 12864, 12876, 12888, 12900, 12912, 12924, 12936, 12948, 12960, 12972, 12984, 12996, 13008, 13020, 13032, 13044, 13056, 13068, 13080, 13092, 13104, 13116, 13128, 13140, 13152, 13164, 13176, 13188, 13200, 13212, 13224, 13236, 13248, 13260, 13272, 13284, 13296, 13308, 13320, 13332, 13344, 13356, 13368, 13380, 13392, 13404, 13416, 13428, 13440, 13452, 13464, 13476, 13488, 13500, 13512, 13524, 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A FEW

Salvation Sunshine at Sunny Valley

Envoy and Mrs. Hunt.—The recent visit of
rigadier and Mrs. Gosling, and Captain Cum-

During the Meeting Captain Cummings gave a ringing testimony, and both Bridges and Mrs. Hosking spoke of the many gifts that we can give to the Lord. We are having splendid times in our Meetings here, and the work is flourishing.

HOME STREET

A WAYSIDE ENCOUNTER

BEATITUDES FOR SOLDIERS

NEW WESTMINSTER

Adjutant Fletcher and Laetia Erickson. We have had a busy time as we travelled around with our Self-Denial Crew, and have received donations from the generous and sympathetic citizens of New Westminster. But it has been worth it all, for God has crowned our efforts with success, and our Target of \$1,000 has been gloriously smashed.

On Tuesday, May 22nd, Brigadier Lyman conducted a Meeting with us, in which Alexander Leitch was most glad to hand him a cheque for the full amount of our Target.

We were greatly blessed and helped by the recent visit of Envoy and Mrs. Johnston and brother and Sister Stride. They were very helpful to us.—W.F.

MELFORT

Adjutant and Mrs. Johnstone. Brother Lambly took part in the Salvation Meeting on Sunday, June 3rd, his words having great power in those present. Three persons were saved, their hearts for prayer, and two came to the altar. Praise God! The Saturday night of the Long League Sale was held, this party was successful. Brother Goring's meeting was greatly enjoyed by all.—M.L.

KETCHIKAN

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Captain and Mrs. Parkinson, 1st
Sgt. Major John Harrow, and
us a much-appreciated visit. In
vividly recalled how many have died
ake, appealing to everyone to help
difficult. A special Meeting was held
ay night, when again the Sergt. Major
ut his heart to help his comrades. It
ouched everyone. May He bless
Major. -C.C.

WINNIPEG CITADEL
Adjutant and Mrs. Acton, Rev.
Mrs. J. H. Merrett renewed acquaint-
comradely associations on June 10th, '61

started fifteen years ago when they were
and at Winnipeg Citadel. The day's
are blessed and fruitful. The Bugader
such food for thought; his clear emi-
that was desired of a "peculiar people"
(morning), and at night his forcible
The Judgment" set many minds at
as evidenced from the platform in the
the faces of his hearers.

The Self-Denial Effort is all but out of
and once more we are able to say that

...night was well attended. Brother Peter, lieutenant Mack both spoke, saying that our comrade had been to them. Company and Handsman Barret played a duet, a tear from every eye. Following the speech on the text, "Ye are not you are bought with a price." The service with the singing of, "Take my life and with all the comrades reconsecrating the

Christ and the Cross.

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER



In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and surly appearance.

in Sunshine at nny Valley

ra. Hunt.—The first of a great blessing and unclouded during their visit an Akarad—the first to be held in this sum of \$40.00 was given to friends.

IDE ENCOUNTER

unexpected sometimes, are the service that come to a Corps. ach, recently came in the way of his work he had occasion to see on a Sunday evening, and did right in the midst of a real Jokes and laughter were the y, and thoughts of the soldiers the minds of some of these the good time. However, the a gladly welcomed, and instead some refreshment with them.

a neighbor, who was visiting, of the things were hardly the ad been before. The conversation serious turn, and almost w where they were, the whole ing some of the old times. the Meeting closed with prayer, inwardly rejoice that he had w some good seen.

WESTMINSTER

catcher and Lieut. Erickson, in the time as we traveled around equal Cards, and have received the generous and sympathetic Westminster. But of late there had been crowded our efforts with Target of \$1,450 has been given.

MELFORT

Mrs. Johnstone, Mother of the Salvation Army, and her husband have given a very successful day's work in the city. The Saturday program was a success, and the money was well spent. The day's work was a success, and the money was well spent.

KETCHIKAN

Mrs. Parkinson, the mother of John Parkinson, of Ketchikan, has been very successful in her work. She has been very successful in her work, and the money was well spent.

NIPEG CITADEL

Mrs. Arden, of Nipigon, has been very successful in her work. She has been very successful in her work, and the money was well spent.

attended. Brother Fennell, and both spoke, saying what was in their hearts. Captain Fennell, and both spoke, saying what was in their hearts.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Captain and Mrs. Bristow arrive early in the morning in Sardis to take charge of the Salvation Army Corps there. They pray at the railway station that God will bless them while they are there. They find the Hall and Quarters, and to them there comes Mrs. Denny, one of their new Soldiers, and she gives them a great deal of information about Sardis and the Corps.

CHAPTER III
A Distressing Situation

LEAVING the young woman with his wife, Captain Bristow again returned to the little office, and resumed work on his reports. A long time passed before he heard the visitor come downstairs and go out. He found his wife greatly distressed, and her wide eyes were still wet with tears.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, tenderly. "Is there anything we can do for her? She told me that she is in great trouble."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she returned, wiping her eyes. "That is, I don't know just what we can do for her, nor how it will come out. The poor thing has been betrayed and then deserted. She is loyal to him, and will not tell me his name, but he has run away and left her to face it alone. She is beside herself with grief and shame and terror. Twice she has even gone to the river to end her life, but each time something held her back and restrained her. She is in terrible fear of her father. I told her that you would go to him and try to fix things up with him, but it only seemed to terrify her the more. She says he will kill her when he finds out about her trouble. However, before she went away, she consented to have you go to him. Here, Alan, is the address of her father; go to him and intercede for her."

Stunned by the Stark Rage

Knowing that the girl would not again go to her home, she had seen his wife, the Captain lost no time in going to the address that had been given him. He found the house down in the factory district, where so many of the foreigners lived. In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and surly appearance. He granted the Captain a grudging entrance into the house.

It was with a sorrowful and heavy heart that Cap-

tain Bristow made his way back to the quarters. He did not wonder that the poor girl had been afraid to face her father, and he could not help but wonder what would have been the result had she attempted to face him alone with the sorrowful news.

Mrs. Bristow received his report tearfully and they immediately went into council over the matter. When the girl came to them early in the evening, as kindly as possible they told her the result of the Captain's visit to her father. But they did not end with that, for they had fixed up a room for her in the quarters, and told her she must not think of going elsewhere, and assured her that they would also make arrangements for her further care.

Thus it came that Helen Ormond came to stay at the Officers' Quarters. Her gratitude was both profound and touching, and as the days went by she took hold of the household tasks in a really capable manner, thus releasing Mrs. Bristow for much outside work that would otherwise have been impossible for her to do. It seemed that the girl could not do enough for the two who had befriended her in the hour of her need.

One day, as Mrs. Bristow was going with Mrs. Denny to visit a family who had sickness in their home, as well as deep need, they came to face to face with a man on the main business street of the town. His not unhandsome face gave silent witness to the ravaging marks left there by strong drink. At sight of him Mrs. Denny stopped and, turning to Mrs. Bristow, said, "I want you to meet Will Coulter. Will, this is Mrs. Bristow, the wife of the new Captain."

"The Black Sheep of the Family"

Mrs. Bristow reached out an eager hand, a warm light coming into her wide, kind eyes. "I'm awfully glad to meet you," she said, looking as if she meant it. "I have been wanting to know you. You are the brother of our Bandmaster, aren't you?" "Yes," he said, as he took her outstretched hand, "and also the black sheep of the family. I suppose you have heard that, too." His voice was deep and musical but it was pervaded by a bitterness that went straight to the heart of her. It seemed like a deep hurt that rankled and ate at the very heart of him.

"But you know we are none of us white sheep naturally," Brother Coulter, she said quickly. "All that any of us are owe to the Lord. I'm so glad He came to seek black sheep, and lost sheep, and then He loves them every one. We have not seen you at the Meetings since we came here."

"No, I've not been to them lately. I don't think it is of much use for me to come." "O Brother Coulter, you must not feel that way!" She was distressed by a something very like hopelessness that throbbed in his voice. "I'm sure it is of use. We have been looking for you. You will come, won't you?"

"Well, I might," he said, moved in spite of himself, by the warmth of her earnest invitation. "For some time after leaving him the little wife of the Captain could not trust herself to speak. There was something about him—a sense of loneliness, a shrinking dread, she did not know just how to name it, but it made her think of a dog naturally friendly, but who has been ill-treated till it instinctively slinks away. She did so yearn for the salvation of this man, who seemed not only to have given up hope himself, but to feel that everyone else had given up hope for him. Fortunately she was with Mrs. Denny, and her silence was not noticed, for this good sister poured forth such a voluminous stream of talk that her own silence passed unheeded.

Loneliness bordering on Tragedy

That night she told the Captain that she had met Will Coulter. Somehow she could not get the man off her mind. There was that indefinable something about him that suggested misery and loneliness bordering on tragedy, and it deeply touched her gentle heart.

"I do not know when I have met anyone who has made such an impression on me as he has. Oh, I would so love to see him saved and brought to God! As soon as I met him he lost no time in telling me that he is the black sheep of the family, and from the way he told me I felt that he knew that I had already been told the same thing by others before I met him. I do not want to feel that I must leave Sardis without seeing him again in the fold."

"Yes," answered the Captain, earnestly; "we must do everything in our power for him, and not for him only, but for many other backsliders, too. I have found so many of them as I have gone about Sardis. These people used to be in our ranks. I think I feel toward them with a greater tenderness than I do toward those who have never been part and parcel with us. I often wonder if someone had gone after them when they first dropped out if we would not have them with us still. We must certainly go after them and try to win them back."

They had written and made arrangements for Helen Ormond to enter The Army Hospital in a nearby city, and not long after this she left them. They missed her in the home, for they had grown used to her quiet ways and the efficient manner in which she had taken hold of the household duties. Before she left they had

made it clear to her that they expected her to return to them again. The poor girl now had no place she could call home, except that which they offered her, and they gave her to understand that they needed her just as much as she needed them.

They found a great deal to do as the days went by. There was considerable sickness and destitution in Sardis, and they started, too, a systematic visitation of the homes of people who had been Soldiers, and succeeded in getting many of them to start attending the Meetings again, and not a few of these were reclaimed and took their places in the Corps once more. They were very happy in their work, and they found a sweet fellowship with the Soldiers of the Corps, who soon learned to love their new Officers, and to esteem them very highly for their work's sake.

Among those who started attending the Meetings was Will Coulter. But he did not again make a start in his Christian warfare. Both the Captain and Mrs. Bristow dealt with him in the Meetings, but they did not urge the matter too strongly lest they should drive him away. But the more they knew him the greater became their concern for his salvation, and seldom did they pray that his name was not on their lips at the Throne of Grace. A gracious spirit of revival broke out in the Corps, and so the summer slipped quietly into autumn, and almost before they knew it the early days of Winter were at hand.

Possibilities of a Strike

With the approach of winter a spirit of unrest and foreboding hung over Sardis. It was a factory town, and most of the people living there were dependent upon the factories for their livelihood. With the end of October the wage agreement between the operators and the employees expired, and there were many rumors of impending trouble, with possibilities of a strike. As Captain and Mrs. Bristow went about their work among the people they felt this spirit of uneasiness very much, and it cast its shadow over them. They knew that if a strike came during the winter months it would mean a great deal of distress and suffering among the very poor. If a strike came it would mean a much greater demand upon them, with less money coming in to meet the increased need. As the October days sped away the tension grew, and feeling ran high all through the town. As they faced the situation the young Captain and his wife had many earnest talks, and out of these talks came a number of plans to try to meet the greater demand upon their resources if the strike came.

One day, shortly after, they returned to the Quarters following some visitation in the district bordering the railroad and the river. They had not been long in the Quarters before they heard the sound of heavy footsteps ascending the stairs. A few moments later someone knocked on the door. The Captain opened it to be faced by a large man wearing the blue uniform of a policeman.

"Good-day to you," said the policeman who faced Captain Bristow through the opened door.

"How do you do?" returned the Captain, warmly, shaking hands with him.

"My name is O'Donnell—Officer O'Donnell!"—explained the visitor.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. O'Donnell; won't you come in? Is there anything we can do for you?" Officer O'Donnell stepped in and seated himself on the chair Captain Bristow pointed out for him. He seemed rather ill at ease, and restlessly turned his cap in his hands. He appeared to be seeking some way to unburden himself, for evidently speech did not come to him readily.

"Do you find folks, Now?"

"I've been told that you find folks; do you, now?" he began. It was very evident that he was a man who was not much given to talk.

"Find folks?" The Captain was at a loss to understand just what the big man meant, and as he echoed the question he had been asked his lack of understanding showed itself in his voice.

"Yes; find folks; you know, people whose family or friends have lost trace of them; I've been told you help to find them."

"Oh, I see!" as the Captain grasped his meaning. "You mean through our 'Missing Persons Department.' Yes, we do something along that line, and I believe that we have been successful in a surprising number of cases. Do you want us to try to find somebody?"

"Yes, that I do, Darny, my boy." Only as he said it, it sounded more like "me boy." "It is nearly five months since he went away. I have written to every place I can think of where he might be, but he's at none of them. It's breaking my heart, it is, not to know where he is."

"Well, we can advertise for him in The War Cry. But, of course, you must understand that not every case is successful. There is so much to take into consideration. The world is a pretty big place; they may go very far; then there is always the possibility of a change in name and appearance. But if you wish us to do so we will try for you."

"Well, I wish you would, then. It's true you may not find him for me, but I'd like for you to have a try anyhow."

(To be continued)

Holiness is full of
Politeness and Courtesy

WAR CRY

You cannot make a
rainbow with a hammer

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1928

No. 25

Back Lanes and Garbage-Lined Yards to Lakeside Joys



The Army's Fresh Air Camps will shortly be the Mecca for hundreds of poor mothers and children. Oh, what a time of rejoicing that will be! Think what it means to the worn out, nerve-tried mother of a large family to move with her children from that hot, reeking tenement building situated in the midst of dusty city streets to the cooling, invigorating breezes of the lakeside.

Cannot you picture the little ones, often poorly fed and clad, playing around in back lanes and garbage-lined yards? Transport them for a week or two to the Camp with its wonderful delights and then note the change. Oh, boy—Oh, joy. How glorious!

Now, honestly, wouldn't you like to feel that you had a hand in this business of bringing gladness and health to the "least of these?" You may—the privilege and pleasure are yours.

Your contribution will be gratefully and gladly received on behalf of the Fresh Air Camp Fund by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Make out your cheque today!



We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.
One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2010—William Harvey Hewitt. Age 32, height 5 ft. 7 in. Dark hair, fair complexion. In 1926 was living in Holland, Mea. Father, Anglican minister. Friend enquiring.

1988—Frank John McKenzie. Fair, brown eyes, for some time was in Hong for the Frigidities, Winnipeg. Age 14. Mother anxious to locate.

2003—Albrecht Albinus Jensen. Medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, working for farmers. Age 27. Last heard of at Anyon, B.C. Father anxiously enquires.

1968—Thomas Upton Smyth. Age 40, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair and eyes, native of Grumlin Co., Antrim. Has limp. Missing 7 years.

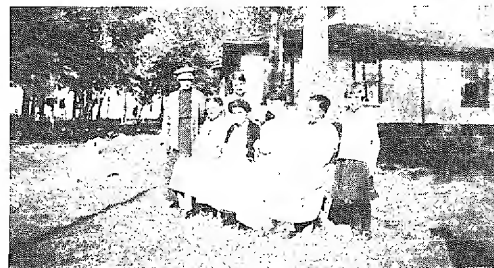
2070—Lars Kruse. Age 33, height 6 ft., weight 185 lbs. Brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Norway. Last heard from in Vancouver. Quits desires to locate.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Ps. 37:35.

2063—Per Olofson Berglund. Age 51, Swedish, dark hair, grey eyes, slender build, missing since 1913. Brother anxiously enquires.

2047—Isaac A. Hutchinson. Last heard of in Vancouver when he returned there after the War. He lived at Prince Rupert before going overseas. Age 47 years. Should this meet the eye please communicate — sister very anxious to hear from him.

2031—Frank Frederick Winter. Corporal No. 81000. Age 33, height 5 ft. 6½ in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. Wife anxiously enquires.



2002—Thomas George Hopper. Age 49, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, very dark eyes. Born near Paisley, Ont. Last heard from a Glaceau, B.C. Sister enquiring.

2034—Gerard Van Essen. Last heard from at Cereat, Alta. Relatives anxious to hear from him.

2050—James Tiddley. Age 54; height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair, turning grey; blue eyes; fair complexion.

2086—Pietor Wilton Merckelbach. Age 60. Last wrote from Quebec in 1915, when he resided at 2615 St. Patrick Street. Native of Hurlingham, Montreal. It is thought he went to (about or if deceased) is invited to communicate at once.

1297—Ward—Ward. Anyone by the above names who has a missing son of the name of G.W.E. Gordon or William, or a son who was reported missing or killed overseas, may hear surprising news by communicating with Mrs. Maude Ward, 10521 126th St. Edmonton, Alta.

2091—Robert Veluk. Age 24; 6 ft. tall; large build; ruddy complexion; grey eyes; light hair. Last heard from at Coast nine years ago. Mother and home folks anxious to know of his whereabouts.

2077—George Wm. Stott. Age 51; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; grey eyes; fair complexion. Native of Whitworth, Lancs., England. Brother anxious for information.

2033—Jan Cornelia Schuurman. Last heard from at Nikona, Sask. Relatives anxious for news.

2041—Olaf Paulsen. Fair complexion; tall; age 45. Left Norway 1906; went to U.S.A. Last heard of at Quonset, B.C. Brother anxiously inquires.

2035—Goverst van Mastbergen. Last heard from at Enfield, Sask. Relatives seeking information concerning whereabouts.

2048—John R. Hutchinson. Age 49, was working as builder in Vancouver. Sister anxiously enquires.

2030—Adam Edward Williams. Age 55, medium height, dark hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Farmer, native of Christow, Monmouthshire. Last heard of at Crystal City, Man. Sister is the enquirer.

2029—Daniel Power. Sister in England enquires. Age 54, height 5 ft. 4 in., color of hair dark, dark eyes, dark complexion. Was a land worker. Birthplace Garrison, Liverpool, England. Left for Canada 1888.

2025—Eric Torster Svensson. Born in Norway, Parish, Kristiansund, Lan., Sweden, the 4th of December, 1907. Came to Nelson, B.C., 1924. Brother in Chicago seeking him.

2023—Mrs. Alice Whitchard nee Alice Jones. Age 54, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair and eyes. Native of High Holington, Portland, Eng. Thought to be with her husband farming in Canada—probably Alberta—Calgary. Sister enquires.

2043—John Victor McCausland. Age 27, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, light eyes, fair complexion. Born in Toronto. When last heard of was in Conry Island, New York. Anxious to know his present whereabouts—please communicate at once.

1795—Albert or Andrew Anderson. Born in Sor Trondelag, Norway. Albinus bright blonde hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. Years of age. Was in Montreal, U.S., 1912. Any news will be gratefully received by O. Dallas, C.A.S. Robertson, Calgary.

Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. 27:1.

1926—Sigfred Fahlen. Age 18, height 5 ft., dark brown hair, yellow grey eyes, dark in height, missing since August 1927. Last known address Moose Jaw, Sask. White hairless spot on head. Mother anxious for news.

2078—Neil Eugene Wilson. Last heard of at Darlington, Man., in August, 1926. Height 5 ft. 6 in., dark complexion, dark eyes. Father extremely anxious for news.

2074—Jens Hansen Christensen. Age 55, born in village of Marie Magdalene, mark. Last heard of at Hurmey, Man. Brother enquires.

2073—Aksel Frankson. Age 25, height 5 ft., blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from at Hurmey, Man. Sister enquires.

Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am I, will both search my sheep, and seek the lost. As a Shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that he is lost, so I will seek the sheep that was lost, and bring again that which was given away, and will bind up that which was broken. Then words were revealed to the Prophet Ezekiel: Chapter 34, 11-16. They are true to-day, so that it can very well be said:

God is Looking For You



The Great Commissioning Week-end

LT.COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

With the Staff and Cadets of the Territorial Training Garrison

SATURDAY, SUNDAY and MONDAY, JUNE 23rd to 25th inclusive

IN THE

WINNIPEG RINK (Portage and Langside)

SATURDAY—8 p.m. FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND SONG WITH TABLEAUX ILLUSTRATING
SUNDAY—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. "A DAY OF SALVATION"

MONDAY—3 p.m. A SOLEMN SERVICE OF DEDICATION
MONDAY—8 p.m. COMMISSIONING AND APPOINTING OF CADETS

N.B.—The Saturday night programme will be broadcasted over C.K.Y. (Winnipeg), and by special arrangement with the James Richardson station at Yorkton, Sask., will be relayed from there. Comrades and friends in Manitoba and Saskatchewan—and parts of Alberta—will thus have an opportunity of sharing in the delights of the evening.

With this No.

THE
WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London

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